

# Good Morning 620

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## THE MAN WHO ROCKS LONDON

Derek Heberton introduces you to Sid Field who once left the stage because he didn't like it and returned to 25 years of hard work before reaching stardom

### Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



TWO P.O.s went to a wedding at Heywood, Lancs., the other day. One was the lucky one who came away a married man. The other was the best man, but he's already married. A lot of you will know the P.O.s, especially those of you who served in the "Torbay."

P.O. Ernest Wild, D.S.M., of Rochdale, and his bride, Leading Wren Margaret King, of Heywood.

wedding, and he takes the opportunity to send them his best wishes wherever they are.

But the story starts a long time ago, so let's get back to the beginning.

P.O. ERNEST WILD was on his way back to Chatham after a few days' leave. At London Road Station, Manchester, Ernie made sure that he secured a seat in the same compartment as a charming girl who was waiting for the train.

You can guess the rest of the story. It's always the same. The only thing that Ernie didn't know at the time, was that his companion was also in the Navy, but owing to a current travel ban, she was travelling in "civvies." "And very nice she looked, too," says Ernie.

Anyway, "Good Morning's" camera was taken to the Congregational Church, York Street, Heywood, to record the most important chapter of this train romance, when P.O. Ernest Wild, D.S.M., formerly serving in "Torbay," married Leading Wren Margaret King, who lives at Summit Street, Heywood.

A great day this for the bride. The wedding day was also her 22nd birthday, and she was on seventeen days' leave. (Ernie was going back after five days).

Another Wren, Joan Hickey, of Fazackerley, Liverpool, shared the bridesmaids' duties with Dorothy King, the bride's sister. Veteran Submariner P.O. Les Phillips, D.S.M., and bar, was best man. Many of you know P.O. Phillips. He's now doing gunnery instruction ashore, but is itching to get back for some more patrols.

P.O. Wild's pals among the crew were unable to attend the

WHEN you think that the really top-line comedians in this country can be counted on the fingers of one hand, you realise what an event it is for a new star to rise in a profession where there is no short cut to success.

For a new comedian suddenly to reach top rank in the middle of a world war is therefore really an event, and that is just what Birmingham-born Sid Field has done. It is now two years since West End audiences first made his acquaintance at the sensational first night of the late George Black's "Strike a New Note," at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

London's critics raved at the discovery of a "new" comic, for they didn't know then that he was new only to them. They didn't know that his name in the provinces was as well known as Tommy Trinder's or Max Miller's, that he had been making people laugh up and down the country for a quarter of a century.

Yes, it has taken Sid a matter of twenty-five years or more to get where he is, though his act was obviously up to West End standards long before he reached the Prince of Wales under George Black's banner. Sid was eleven when he first went on the stage as a member of a juvenile troupe. The stage had never held any attractions for a juvenile Sid, and after one day with the troupe, he gave up in disgust and went back to his home.

It can now be disclosed that Lieut. Robert Strouts, R.N.V.R., completely recovered, is back on duty after such an operation, which took place in the Far East. Lieut. R. G. B. Bulkeley, R.N., a Devonshire man, has told the story to his friends. "We had been out a few days," he said, "when Lieut. Strouts, my first lieutenant, became ill. We diagnosed it as appendicitis, and I sent out an urgent request for medical aid. "It could not arrive for a day or two, and we had to do the best we could for the patient."

A ship of the Royal Australian Navy set out for the submarine, and a doctor went over in a whaler. Lieut. Strouts was put into a stretcher, hoisted out of the conning tower and gently lowered into the whaler. The sea was rough, and getting him into the whaler was a difficult job. He reached the destroyer, and within an hour the operation had been completed.

His submarine sailed on her way—and sank two Japanese ships carrying valuable cargoes.

Cutting the cake—one of the most anxious moments at a wedding reception—but the Navy takes a hand, and all is well.



Four or five months later he was back with the show, and has been in the business ever since, though, he says, he often wishes he had chosen a factory job as a means of earning a living.

He reckons he has played pretty well everywhere in the country since he made his debut at the Empire, Bristol, round about the time of the last war. Since he was fourteen Sid has never done a variety act, but has been continuously in revue, with short intervals for pantomimes and for a film which he made early in this war.

It was a hard life in the provinces, says Sid, but he was gradually building up his act, and at the Theatre Royal, Bury in 1930, he was first billed as principal comedian.

Since then he has never looked back, and but for a

last ten years and it still presents Sid at his best. This sketch is pure clowning, and brings out Sid's almost scientific accuracy of timing.

Almost as well known as his golfer is his character of "Slasher" Green, the cornet playing cockney knowall with the appalling overcoat, who was first born in 1938. As Sid played "Slasher" up and down the country he used the local accent wherever he went, and he has a flair for dialects.

In the near future Sid is likely to become known to an even wider audience than at present, for his immediate plans include the star part in a £250,000 British musical, with which the British industry hope to enter the market in big-scale Technicolor productions.

How Sid will go down as the star of a big film has yet to be proved, but given the right script and the right direction, he should prove as great a sensation as he did when he made his debut on the West End stage.

Meanwhile, Sid is still at his old stamping-ground, the Prince of Wales, where the late George Black presented the sequel to "Strike a New Note" in "Strike it Again." This time "Slasher" Green has a new act, but he is still interrupted by a voice from the gallery whenever he tries to show the audience what he can do.

Sid is seen during the show as a convict, a butler, an artist, a warder, an English soldier trying to buy perfume in a French shop, a photographer, and, of course, the inevitable golfer.

Sid would probably be the first to admit what a lot he owes to that prince of "feeds," Jerry Desmonde, who has been with him now for nearly three years. Their meeting was fate, says Sid, and he would certainly have to go a long way to find a better "straight man" than Jerry, whose sense of timing is almost as good as Sid's. Sid Field is a comic genius who must be seen to be believed—he cannot be described as like somebody else.



"It doesn't state whether King Richard got 'is callin' up papers or not! Merely says 'e fought in the Crusades, so leave it at that!'"

seven-year contract which tied him down in the provinces, London would have made the acquaintance of this comic genius much sooner.

There surely is a touch of genius about Sid's work, something that has made the leading theatrical writers in the country fall under his spell just as much as the many thousands who have seen him in the past two years.

He has been described by James Agate as "a tonic dispensed from such ingredients as George Carney, Billy Bennett, Arthur Roberts and Adolphe Menjou."

There is something unique about this man who has the power to make millions laugh.

It is Sid's contention that there is nothing new under the sun, and he may have something there. His humour is essentially the humour of the old time circus clown, as he burlesques the London coster or the would-be golfer in two of his most famous sketches.

"Golfing" has been his most consistent laughter raiser for the

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
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# TEACHING LOGIC—With a Baseball Bat

"I'm going to give you a good trouncing," said the hero. He did not hesitate, although the enemy was far beneath him socially. He remembered that his father once thrashed a cabman, and the papers gave it two columns, first page. And the "Toadies' Magazine" had a special article on Upper Cuts by the Upper Classes, and ran new pictures of the Van Plushvelt country seat, at Fishampton.

"Wot's trouncing?" asked "Smoky" suspiciously. "I don't want your old clothes. I'm no—oh, you mean to scrap! My, my! I won't do a thing to mamma's pet. Chriminy! I'd hate to be a hand-laundered thing like you."

"Smoky" waited with some awkwardness for his adversary to prepare for battle. His own decks were always clear for action. When he should spit upon the palm of his terrible right it was equivalent to "You may fire now, Gridley."

The hated patrician advanced, with his shirt sleeves

## Concluding "Sociology in Serge and Straw"—By O. HENRY

neatly rolled up. "Smoky" waited, in an attitude of ease, expecting the affair to be conducted according to Fishampton's rules of war. These allowed combat to be prefaced by stigma, recrimination, epithet, abuse and insult, gradually increasing in emphasis and degree.

After a round of these "you're anothers," would come the chip knocked from the shoulder, or the advance across the "dare" line drawn with a toe on the ground. Next light taps given and taken, these also increasing in force, until finally the blood was up and fists going at their best.

But Haywood did not know Fishampton's rules. Noblesse oblige kept a faint smile on his face as he walked slowly up to "Smoky" and said: "Going to play ball?"

"Smoky" quickly under-

stood this to be a putting of the previous question, giving him the chance to make a practical apology by answering it with civility and relevance.

"Listen this time," said he. "I'm goin' skatin' on the river. Don't you see me automobile with Chinese lanterns on it standin' and waitin' for me?"

Haywood knocked him down.

"Smoky" felt wronged. To thus deprive him of preliminary wrangle and oburgation was to send an armoured knight full tilt against a crashing lance without permitting him first to caracole around the list to the flourish of trumpets. But he scrambled up and fell upon his foe, head, feet and fists.

The fight lasted one round of an hour and ten minutes. It was lengthened until it was more like a war or a family feud than a fight. Haywood had learned some of the science of boxing and wrestling from his tutors, but these he discarded for the more instinctive methods of battle handed down by the cavedwelling Van Plushvelts.

So, when he found himself, during the melee, seated upon the kicking and roaring "Smoky's" chest, he improved the opportunity by vigorously kneading handfuls of sand and soil into his adversary's ears, eyes and mouth, and when "Smoky" got the proper leg hold and "turned" him, he fastened both hands in the Plushvelt hair and pounded the Plushvelt head against the lap of mother earth.

Of course, the strife was not

goin' to have a practice game before the match. Wanter come along? I'll put yer in left-field, and yer won't be long ketchin' on."

"I'd like it bully," said Haywood. "I've always wanted to play baseball."

The ladies' maids of New York and the families of Western mine owners with social ambitions will remember well the sensation that was created by the report that the young multi-millionaire, Haywood Van Plushvelt, was playing ball with the village youths of Fishampton. It was conceded that the millennium of democracy had come. Reporters and photographers swarmed to the island. The papers printed half-page pictures of him as short-stop stopping a hot grounder.

The "Toadies' Magazine" got out a Bat and Ball number that covered the subject historically, beginning with the vampire bat and ending with the Patriarchs' ball—illustrated with interior views of the Van Plushvelt country seat.

Ministers, educators and sociologists everywhere hailed the event as the tocsin call that proclaimed the universal brotherhood of man.

One afternoon I was reclining under the trees near the shore at Fishampton in the esteemed company of an eminent, bald-headed young sociologist. By way of note, it may be inserted that all sociologists are more or less bald, and exactly thirty-two. Look 'em over.

The sociologist was citing the Van Plushvelt case as the most important "uplift" symptom of a generation, and as an excuse for his own existence.

Immediately before us were the village baseball grounds. And now came the sportive

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. Gneiss is a Dutch drink, kind of rock, German fairy, Swiss sweetmeat, Swedish swear-word?
2. What is the difference between (a) alienism, (b) alienist?
3. In what game are the moves called "chalks"?
4. What common English coin used to be called a "tester"?

5. Who were the three original members of the B.B.C. Brains Trust?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—2s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 6d., 3d., 1d., 3d., 1d.
- ### Answers to Quiz in No. 619
1. Musical direction.
  2. (a) Breeder of grain, (b) writer of serial stories, (c) artist of the sub-conscious.
  3. Mozart.
  4. Bowls.
  5. Bonifacio.
  6. All contain the same letters except Tear.



"I'll forgive you cheating, Co untess, if you'll show me where you hide your aces!"

### I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

DURING the freeze-up the Bigbury constable hitch-hiked for eleven miles, finishing his journey in a bus by a roundabout route, to reach the court-house at Plympton. Total time occupied, 2 hours 25 minutes. He had to be there to give evidence against a cyclist summoned for riding without lights!

The defendant beat the constable to it. Braving the icebound roads, he rode to court on the bike that had got him into trouble. The laugh seems to have been on his side.

A GIRL walked into a Vancouver newspaper office and wrote out an ad. offering 12 pairs of nylon stockings for sale. She gave only a telephone number. Before running the ad, the newspaper checked up, and found the phone number was that of a political campaign headquarters. "Someone was trying to keep our phones busy on election day," commented a party worker.

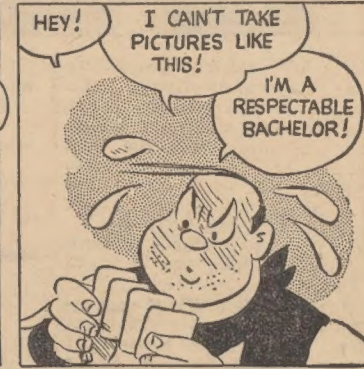
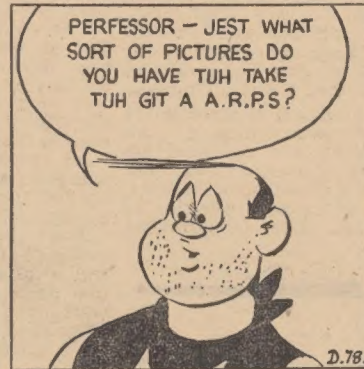
TROOPS in Nairobi have an English "pub," "The Spotted Cow," recently opened by N.A.A.F.I.

There is a real "pub atmosphere," and beer costs the troops only half what it costs in places outside. "The Spotted Cow" conforms to normal licensing hours, but so that everyone can share supplies of beer, proportions of the day's rations are made available at noon, 6, 7 and 8 p.m.

Like many overseas N.A.A.F.I.s, "The Spotted Cow" is already famed for its murals. They depict a darts match in an English village inn and a typical English fishing village—glimpses of home for troops in East Africa.

MORE than 1,500 members of the Forces have visited the photographer at N.A.A.F.I.'s Montgomery Club, Brussels, to have portraits taken for their families in Britain.

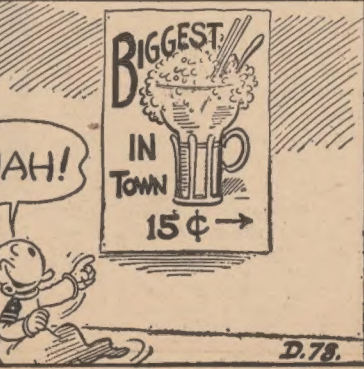
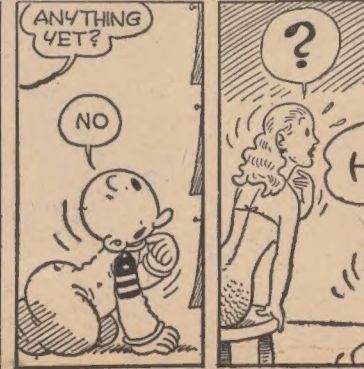
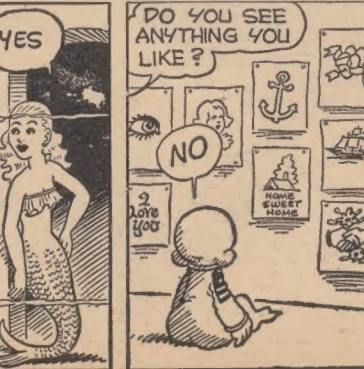
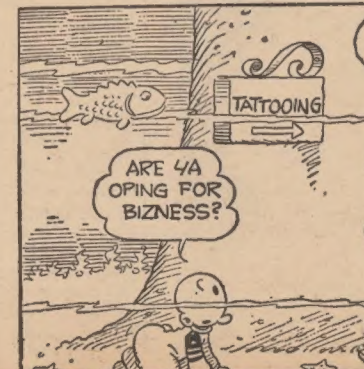
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





# WANGLING HOW'S TRICKS?

## WORDS—559

1. Behead a command and get fury.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Canticanaque eb lushdo gorrot luda.*
3. What famous Dutch painter has R for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Will a carefully chosen — him over his sickness?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 558

1. B-room.
2. "Under a spreading chestnut tree."
3. RapHael.

## JANE



## Sociology in Serge and Straw

(Continued from Page 2)

youth of Fishampton and distributed themselves, shouting, about the diamond. "There," said the sociologist, pointing, "there is young Van Plushvelt."

I raised myself (so far a c-sycophant with Mary Ann) and gazed.

Young Van Plushvelt sat upon the ground. He was dressed in a ragged red sweater, wrecked and weather-worn golf cap, run-over shoes, and trousers of the "serviceable" brand. Dust, clinging to the moisture induced by free exercise, darkened wide areas of his face.

"That is he," repeated the sociologist. If he had said

"him" I could have been less vindictive. On a bench, with an air, sat the young millionaire's chum: He was dressed in a neat suit of dark blue serge, a neat white straw hat, neat low-cut tan shoes, linen of the well-known "immaculate" trade mark, a neat, narrow four-in-hand tie, and carried a slender, neat bam-boo cane.

I laughed loudly. "What do you mean?" asked the man of progress.

"Why, look what he has done to 'Smoky,'" I replied.

"You will always be a fool," said my friend, the sociologist, getting up and walking away.

THE END

## THE PASSE PASSE SILKS.

THIS is really a very pretty effect, and the apparatus will come in useful for quite a number of tricks in which you require to change a small article. The effect can be done with silk handkerchiefs or even money—namely, a one-pound note changes with a 10s. note—that is, of course, if you can borrow the cash from any friends.

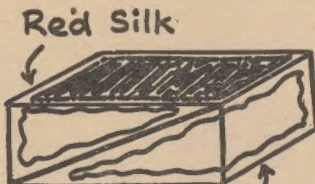
The conjurer takes two match boxes from his pocket. These are shown empty. He now places into one box a red silk handkerchief or a one-pound note, and in the other match box a green silk or a 10s. note. You now close the boxes. On

the word of command the silks change places, or the notes. The apparatus for this effect is very simple to make. By following the diagrams you will understand how the fake boxes are made; namely, the bottom has been removed and replaced in the drawer of the box at an angle from corner to corner (see Fig. 2).

Note: You must take care to have the boxes with the same label on both sides. Before starting the trick, you place into one box a red silk and in the other a green silk, so when you show the boxes empty you show the box with the empty



Bottom of box



Green Silk

side, hiding the extra silk. You simply reverse, and there you are! Wonderful, isn't it?

## MYSTERIOUS MATCHES.

THIS is a very pretty effect. You must obtain a small basin of water. Place a few matches on the water in the shape of a star.

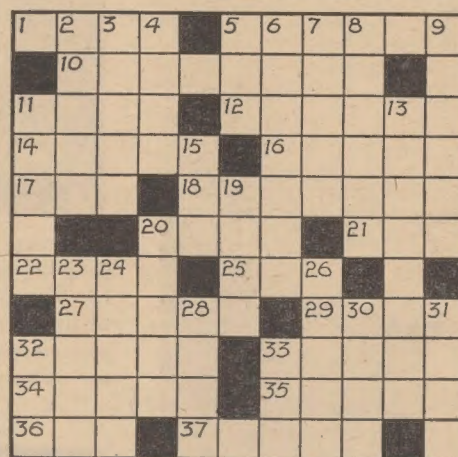
Take a piece of soap, cut it into a point, insert the point of the soap in the centre of the matches; they will fly away from it in all directions.

If you wish to bring the matches all together again you must treat them like children by giving them a small piece of sugar. Dip the sugar in the water and the matches will come swimming to it.

Those awful heavy-looking dumbbells of the strong man are sometimes somewhat hollow at the core. You will notice they are always put in the same place, preferably on a special platform, and you can decide the reason for this.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Silly.



5 Slight errors. 10 City's outer defence.

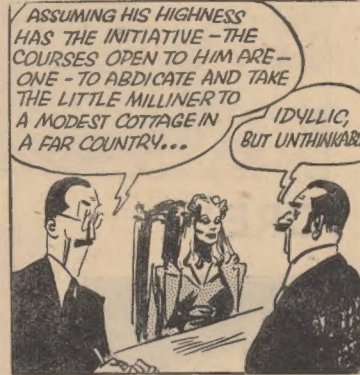
11 Rake. 12 Constables. 14 Wasted time. 16 Indian State. 17 Acquire. 18 Plain. 20 Study hard. 21 Embossing stamp. 22 Woven strip. 25 Limb. 27 Minister's house. 29 Rodents. 32 Wrinkle. 33 First letter. 34 Flower. 35 Conscious. 36 Hailing cry. 37 Amusing.

BY HILT MUM  
REVUE IRENE  
ITEM SCARCE  
N NICE KILT  
GRADUATE O  
SOL TWO BAR  
M KEEPSAKE  
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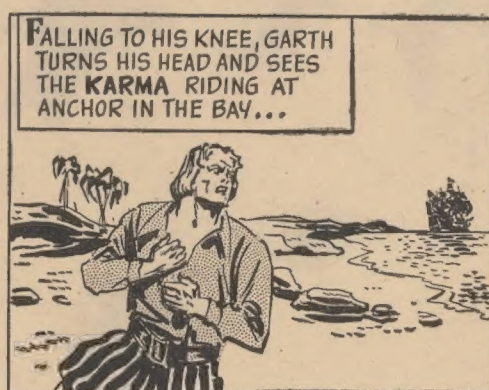
CLUES DOWN.

2 Dwelling place. 3 Blemish. 4 Elder. 5 Edge. 6 Wolf's-bane. 7 Lost colour. 8 Fired from cover. 9 Lissom. 11 Just. 13 Small box. 15 Moisture. 19 Rodent. 20 Wisdom. 23 Divert. 24 Social affair. 26 Cultivated. 28 Slave. 30 Persistently. 31 Vehicle on runners. 32 Cry of disgust. 33 Front.

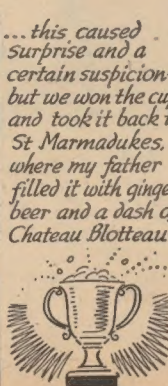
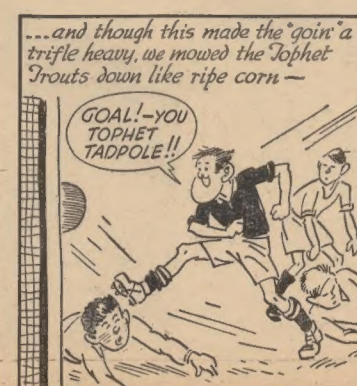
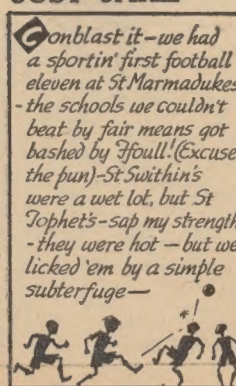
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Tales of Taverns

### King's Pubs

DISTINGUISHED overseas visitors to London are continually coming and going. And our pride in our pubs flares up afresh when in their first leisure hours our guests inquire eagerly for "the best place to go for a drink."

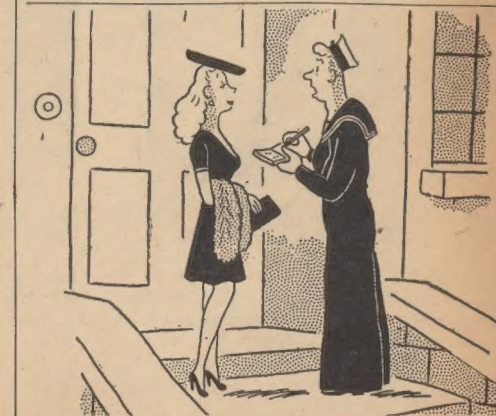
"Where are the King's Pubs?" asked Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's personal representative. The answer was given him by an official from Buckingham Palace.

Officially there are no such places—now. But there are the "inns and hostels" whose licences are still granted by the Board of Green Cloth, a survival of the time when kings lived at Whitehall Palace.

Only five of these remain, all almost within hail of the old royal household—the Ship, the Shades, the Silver Cross, the Clarence, and the Whitehall Court. Quite unique is the distinction of the licensee whose premises lie within this area, known as "The Verge of the Palaces," for he is in the unusual position of having his licence, in effect, granted to him by His Majesty the King.

But, bless you, Harry, we could lead you to hosts of old pubs that hide intriguing stories, grim, weird—and always colourful—relics of the past. And we would not be past asking a few questions ourselves—questions which seldom fail to produce discoveries that add lustre to the pleasure of a drink in an old tavern with an atmosphere. When we have time off, maybe we will take a trip to these particular pubs ourselves and make the acquaintance of a good many more like them.

M. T.





# "Strike It Again"

"Fuse" Wilson took this picture—and then he calls it work.



Here's a page of pictures from George Black's smash hit, "Strike It Again," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Above, singer Lind Joyce seems to be daring us to strike it again.



The girls in the chorus above are, we're assured wearing pantaloons. At first glance, we thought the elastic had snapped, knowing what this utility stuff is like—like. The ballet in the picture below is led by Wendy Toye, and, for no apparent reason, is called "Affairs of State."



**FORE !**



Roberta Huby, one of the stars of this scintillating show makes up in her dressing-room between acts.



Stella Moya—a Lady of the Garter—cuddles up in a fur wrap against the draughts. Plenty of thrills—but where are the furbelows?



Why Sherkot has never been selected to keep goal for England is perfectly clear to anyone who has seen this goon doing his act. His is dumb show of such high order that it becomes a "speaking likeness."



And here's the maestro himself—the one and only Sid Field—in his side-splitting sketch, "Golfing." We would challenge him to eighteen holes—only we'd die laughing.



**GIRLS... GIRLS... GIRLS.**

No George Black show can even be imagined without the whirly-girlies. And this one has them in lavish quantities. Here's a taster! Coral Woods, Hazel Holland, Jean Chappelle and June Uttley saying "All the Best!" from their dressing-room at the theatre.